And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregorie*,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.
Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. *Ex. Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are those? Sit downe *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.
Enter seruants with supper.
Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foot awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.
Enter one with water.
Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? shall I haue some water?
Come *Kate* and wash, and welcome heartily:
You horson villaine, will you let it fall?
Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.
Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomack,
Will you giue thankes, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. *Ser.* I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser,
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedlesse iolt-heads and vnmanner'd slaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.
Kate. I pr[illegible] you husband be not so disquiet,

The meat was well, if you were
Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas b
And I expresselie am forbid to t
For it engenders choller, plante
And better 'twere that both of v
Since of our selues, our selues a
Then feede it with such ouer-ro
Be patient, to morrow 't shall be
And for this night we'l fast for c
Come I will bring thee to thy B
Enter Seruan
Nat. Peter didst euer see the
Peter. He kills her in her ow
Grumio. Where is he?
Enter Curtis a
Cur. In her chamber, makin
and railes, and sweares, and rav
not which way to stand, to look
tisen from a dreame. Away, awa
Enter Petr
Pet. Thus haue I politickely
And 'tis my hope to end succesfe
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and p
And till shee stoope, she must not
For then she neuer lookes vpon h
Another way I haue to man my
To make her come, and know he
That is, to watch her, as we watch
That baite, and beate, and will n
She eate no meate to day, nor no
Last night she slept not, nor to ni
As with the meat, some vndeseru
Ile finde about the making of the
And heere He fling the pillow, th
This way the Coue'let, another w
I, and amidst this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care o
And in conclusion, she shall watch
And if she chance to nod, Ile raile

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